

The Lost Daughter

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What if after the explosion destroyed her home, Ryuko was forced to live with the mother she never knew she had and her sudden return threw off both Ragyo and Satsuki's plans? Join Ryuko as she tries to figure out who, or what, she really is: a normal girl, or the ultimate weapon in the war between humanity and Life Fibers. May not have Senketsu.

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A Place For My Head

"We're here miss." The driver said, but I was too lost in my thoughts to realize he said anything.

In just three days my entire world seemed to have changed. My name is Ryūko, that **I do know** . But the truth is other than that I don't know who I am. I thought I was Ryūko Matoi the daughter of Isshin Matoi: The girl whose father wanted nothing to do with her. But here I am now in a white limo being driven to a mansion owned by a mom that my dad always told me died a little after I was born, with nothing but a red scissor blade that my dad gave me before he died. I finally get back to the present after the driver shakes my shoulder.

" *Sorry...* " I say to the driver, who I now see's been quietly holding the door open for me.

"It's not a problem at all. *With what you've been through*, it's only natural to find yourself absent minded." He tells me as I step out of the car.

"Would you like me to walk you to the door?" He asked, holding the guitar case I carry my scissor in.

"No. I'm fine from here sir." I say as I take the case from his hand.

Even though I was pretty much raised by a bunch of sitters until I was old enough for boarding school, I never felt like the kind of girl who had a bunch of servants to wait on her hand and foot. So having some guy I don't know drive me to this place I don't know and then offer to walk me inside made me feel *uncomfortable*. I felt a little better with each step I took as I walked, especially when I heard the limo drive away behind me. It meant I could think more about all this and what happened.

It started like any normal day at school; I gave some guy a broken nose for not knowing when to keep his mouth shut and his friend a shiner when he *tried* jumping in, but during seventh period I got called to the principal's office. I figured it was about the dumbasses I sent to the nurse, but when I got there the principal's attendant just handed me a letter. The last thing I expected from my dad was for him to write me a letter saying he wanted to see me, but that's what it said. *In his handwriting*. I wasn't sure what it was about or what made me do it, but for some reason I left the campus and caught the first bus to my house. I remember waiting impatiently for my stop, it didn't help that it was night by the time I got there. When I made it to my house it felt colder than usual, the entire place felt empty. *Lifeless*.

I remember looking around for my dad, calling out for him as I entered each room. That's when I found him. I found my dad pinned to a wall by the half of a giant scissor in my case. When I got close to him, he pulled it out of his chest. After he freed himself he gave me the scissor, he told me if I wanted to find whoever did this to him; I'd need to look for whoever has the other half. That's when I heard somebody, it had to have been the bastard who did this. Now I wish I never ran after whoever I saw, when I chased them outside the entire building blew up in a big fiery explosion. I was remembering the sound of the explosion when the front door opening snapped me out of it, once again I was reminded of what's happening now, it freaked me out a little. But I can tell the maid who opened the door thought I was just nervous.

"Hello and welcome, you must be Lady Ryūko. Unfortunately neither your mother or sister's here right now, but we'll be happy to serve you until then." She said to me.

" I have a sister? " I thought to myself.

"Uh hi, thanks." I said to her, not sure how I'm supposed to act.

With how big this place was on the inside, full of some expensive looking statues and a couple of maids (two or three were slowly

approaching me), I felt even more out of place. And it definitely showed when one of them reached for my guitar case. *What the hell's up with these people trying to carry my stuff anyway. I get that it's their job but it's still really freakin annoying.*

"I'm good with carrying this, thanks." I say, trying to pass it off with a lousy smile that just made it more awkward.

" *Very well*, I'll show you to your room then and help you get settled in here." She says. Judging by the look in their eyes, I probably offended them.

"Thank you." I manage to say without acting or sounding weird.

This time I tried not to think about what happened to me. I didn't want to offend the maid in front of me, *or get lost in this place*. As we walked I saw more and more maids, they all greeted me just like the first one and I just kept saying 'hi.' I hate feeling like this; everyone here seems to know my name, but I don't know any of them. The more we walk, the more I started noticing there aren't any family photos anywhere. *You'd think there'd be at least one or two*. It's not until the maid I've been following told me my room was at the end of the hall I realized I don't even know what *they* look like, my mom or sister. I should ask her what they, *my family*, look like. If I get the chance.

"This here is where you'll be staying." She says as she opened a door.

I stepped inside. I wasn't sure what to expect, but I definitely wasn't thinking it'd be a room that had stuff you'd find in a five star hotel. There was a soft looking bed with white pillows and blankets, a huge wooden dresser with handles that looked like they're made of real gold, a nightstand with a lamp that looks like it's made of pearl, and a bathroom that looked like it was as big as the room from the doorway.

"I'll come back a little later, I'm sure you want time to unpack and make yourself more comfortable." She said as she left, talk about crappy timing: *the one time someone'll leave me alone is when I've got a damn question.*

Now that I'm alone, I might as well get "settled in" like she said. The only thing I have is my scissor and the guitar case I carry it in, so it's not like I really have anything to unpack. All my clothes are getting sent here from my school. *Well my old school*, with my dad gone there was no way they'd get any tuition. So they're just sending whatever I had at my dorm and then never want to hear from me again. Like I care. I hated that place as much as they hated me. Right now I guess I'll just rest, I hope this bed's as soft as it looks. It feels fine but of course, *it's white*. So far pretty much everything I've seen in this place has been white. The columns are white. The doorways are white. The lamp on the nightstand next to me is white. **Even the damn wallpaper is white!** Being surrounded by all this white is just frustrating. Now all I can think of is this place and how it's way bigger and colder than my old home. Being in this place, full of strangers, just reminds me of when I was younger and living with my dad. How alone I always was, and how I still am.

"Lady Ryūko, may I come in?" That maid from earlier asked after knocking on the door.

I'm glad she's back, maybe now I'll learn something about my mom or sister. I don't want to stay in here, so I get up and walk to the door. I should've said something; when I opened the door, she almost knocked on my head. I can tell she's worried.

"Sorry." She says to me as she lowers her hand, now a jittery wreck.

"Don't worry about it." I said, hoping she'll relax. When that didn't work I tried changing the subject.

"Can I ask you something about my family, I mean about my mom and sister." I asked, wanting to learn something about them.

"Like what?" She asked, looking less worried and more confused.

"Well who are they, what're they like, what are their names?" I ask, hopefully she'll give me some answers.

It took her a little before she said anything to me, *she must of thought I was joking*. When she got that I was serious, she finally said something.

"Come this way and I think I'll be able to help you." She told me as she walked out the room.

Well I'm not about to just sit around here, I've waited long enough. I follow her out of my room and close the door behind me.

Author's Notes

This was the byproduct of me having insomnia while thinking of a completely unrelated Kill La Kill story. When I came up with the idea for this story, I realized that this definitely has some potential. Only problem, for starters, is that I can't think of a name I like for this. One I keep rejecting is "Ryūko Kiryūin" but I think it's too boring and obvious. I'm not sure if this'll just be a One-Off or not but having a name would help, so I'd appreciate feedback and name ideas.

Iridescent

" *Is that so?* " Ragyō asked, pleased to hear that Ryūko made it to the mansion.

"That's excellent news, be sure that she's well taken care of until I get there." Ragyō said before hanging up her phone.

"Your' dear sisters arrived." Ragyō, in a rather delighted tone, informed her first born daughter who stood across from her desk.

"For her to just surface after so long is unusual, are we certain that this 'Matoi' girl is who she claims to be?" Satsuki asked skeptical of the sudden return of her baby sister.

Ragyō grinned, she had anticipated this from Satsuki. Ragyō pulled from her desk a single disk; she held it up, within Satsuki's reach.

"As you know, we received word from one of our spies that a scientist by the name Isshin Matoi was experimenting with Life Fibers to try and development ways to fight against them." Ragyō explained, patiently waiting for her daughter to continue the debriefing.

"And after we learned of this, you sent Nui to assassinate him and to destroy any traces of his research." Satsuki, once again meeting her mothers expectations, stated.

"Precisely. The footage on this was captured by our surveillance team. On it you'll be able to see Dr. Matoi's daughter, your sister enter just before the bomb I had dear Nui plant detonated." Ragyō told Satsuki, grinning with every word.

"After the bomb detonated, the fire department and a team of paramedics arrived. When they found her she was unconscious and underneath a flaming banister. Before she awoke, they ran a DNA test to see if she had any family members who could take care of the

poor girl. And wouldn't you know it, hers was *almost* a perfect match for yours." Ragyō exciting told Satsuki, her tone telling Satsuki there's more to it than she's letting on.

Satsuki's expression changed to a more impressed look. She realized what her mother was saying might in fact be the truth and that this will greatly complicate things.

"If that is the case, then it's possible that she'll have been raised to fight for those who oppose the Life Fibers and needs to be dealt with." Satsuki said, her voice sounding more aggressive.

Ragyō liked what she saw from Satsuki, how her loyalty would compel her to even kill her own sister.

"If that were the case, I'd have already sent Nui to deal with her. But instead I see much potential in her, she could possibly serve the Life Fibers as well as you do." Ragyō said, still relishing with excitement.

"I shall have to see that for myself." Satsuki said, her tone unchanged as she began to walk towards the exit to her mothers office.

Without so much as a sound, Satsuki soon felt Ragyō standing less than a centimeter behind her. Before she could even take another breath, Satsuki felt her mothers arms wrap around her. Much like a snake would a prey with its tail.

"You may do whatever you want with her, except that; I'll be more than happy to do that, *among other things*, with her myself." Ragyō told Satsuki, her hands had migrated from their original resting spots on Satsukis side mid sentence.

"... Then this changes nothing, everything is progressing as planned?" Satsuki asked, feeling a sharp pain around her waist area as she spoke.

"For the moment, I want you to delay the Raid Trip until further notice. If I'm right about her; a new, better opportunity will present itself." Ragyō said as she continued to move her hands around her daughter, taking pleasure in every stroke.

"But first, we should get equated with her." Ragyō said as she finished feeling around Satsuki and released her.

"I'll have to do so another time, I'll need to inform my Elite Four of your orders. As well as have my own research conducted on my *sister* ." Satsuki said, still feeling remnants of pain.

"If you must, then this disk should be of some assistance. Watch it closely and you will see why she'll be a useful asset to our plans." Ragyō said as Satsuki accepted the disk when it was again presented to her.

With the disk in hand and the thought of what Ragyō intends to do to this girl, *baby sister or not*, worrying her, Satsuki finally left her mothers office.

"If we are sisters, let us hope that you can share both my ambitions as well as resolve." Satsuki thought to herself.

"Please, sit down." The maid said as she and Ryūko made their way into the foyer, where there was several areas for her to take a seat.

Ryūko, still feeling out of place, chose to sit in the most plain looking wooden chair she could find. But even though it was the least impressive looking chair among the many, it still seemed like a throne. It had an interesting bubble pattern carved into its wooden frame, and contained pieces of marble that mostly served as a contrast to the color of the wood. All with some soft red velvet like material acting as cushion.

"I never think I'll get used to this place." Ryūko thought aloud, not intending to be heard.

"It's fine miss Ryūko, you'll grow accustomed to living here in due time." The maid said in a comforting voice, with a smile to accompany it.

"But for now, how about you allow me to tell you about your family heritage?" The maid asked Ryūko, putting her hand on Ryūko's shoulder in an attempt to help her ease herself.

"Alright." Ryūko said, replying with a weak smile of her own.

"Your mother, Lady Ragyō, is the CEO of the Revocs Corporation. Although it makes up for over seventy percent of the world's sales of clothing, it's just one of the ever growing Kiryūin conglomerate." The maid told Ryūko.

"If there's one thing I can tell you about your mother, it's that she is very passionate about fashion. She favors all business affairs related to Revocs over any other." The maid continued, Ryūko's facial expression began to change.

"Okay that's cool, but what's she like?" Ryūko abruptly asked.

"She's very proud of both her accomplishments and her family name, the strength of her will easily exceeds the entire sum of the Kiryūin fortune, and is especially happy when things go according to her plan." The maid said, after taking a seat herself.

"Sounds kinda like my dad." Ryūko thought to herself, starting again to feel upset as well as alone.

"And my sister, what about her?" Ryūko asked, hoping that she'll be able to get along with her.

"Your sister's a whole lot like your mother actually. She's very intelligent, she too is strong willed, a strong leader, very authoritative, but one thing unique about her is how devoted she is to her and Lady Ragyō's goals. She also started her own school in Honnō City, where she's the Student Council President. So she's usually so busy

running it that she doesn't spend very much time here." The maid said as she tried to think of more things she could tell Ryūko about her family.

She was starting to think of something else to say, when she heard footsteps coming towards her and Ryūko. Once she saw that it was all the other maids, she knew that it could only be one thing: Lady Ragyō would be arriving very soon.

"What's up with them?" Ryūko asked.

"Lady Ragyō's arrived." She said before she stood up and joined the others.

After hearing this, Ryūko began walking after her and the other maids. Ryūko wasn't halfway through the hallway, which lead to a staircase, when she realized she was at the center of a crowd of maids. She also noticed a buzzing noise that grew louder as the swarm continued to force her to move forward. As she continued to walk more, and the buzzing became even louder, the room started to grow increasingly cooler. Pretty soon Ryūko found the cause of both the noise and why the hall was feeling so drafty. She soon found herself in the presence of a balcony housing a helicopter. In between her and the helicopter was virtually every maid lined up like soldiers with their heads bowed. Ryūko felt nervous, she wasn't sure how to act. And before she could ask any of the maids, a blinding light emerged from the helicopter. It was a rainbow of colors. Ryūko couldn't help but be at a loss of words, especially when she saw the source of the light. The light was radiating from a tall, fit, woman with silver hair wearing a glamorous white dress and high heels. Ryūko was in awe, the look of the woman's eyes had an intensity that made Ryūko feel as if she were being judged by some sort of divine figure that she stood before.

"Welcome home Lady Ragyō!" The maids all happily shouted together.

"*She's my mom?!*" Ryūko shouted in her head, in complete disbelief.

"Where's my daughter? I'd like to meet her." Ragyō said.

After Ragyō spoke, Ryūko felt one of the maids softly nudge her forward. When she turned her head, she couldn't tell who pushed her. None of the maids looked at her, which made her a bit more nervous, so she decided it was time for her to finally meet her mother: Ragyō Kiryūin.

Ryūko stepped out of the crowd of maids and her eyes met with Ragyō's. When they saw each other, Ragyō had a pleased look on her face. This helped relax Ryūko, she was glad that Ragyō didn't seem disappointed with her appearance.

"I must say, I feel lucky to have given birth to such a stunning young lady." Ragyō said, her words spoken with an elegant demeanor.

"What's your name, *my' dear child?* " Ragyō asked as she gently placed her hand on Ryūko's cheek.

"... Ryūko..." Ragyō's daughter managed to say, her entire body being overtaken by Ragyō's surprisingly petrifying cold touch.

"Such a lovely name. Well Ryūko, you cannot imagine how glad I am that you've finally come home." Ragyō said, the expression on her face matching her pleased sounding voice.

Ryūko wasn't sure how she felt, she felt... weak, frightened, or intimidated maybe? However it was she felt right now, Ryūko at least knew she felt a little relieved when Ragyō took her hand off her cheek.

" *What the hell was that?* " Ryūko asked herself as she saw Ragyō walk away.

"We have a lot to talk about, but that will have to wait until tomorrow." Ragyō said as she continued to walk towards the door.

"Hey wait." Ryūko impatiently said as she began trailing her mother.

Ragyō suddenly stopped, causing Ryūko to bump into her back. Suddenly Ryūko felt tired, her entire body seemed *stiff*. As if hardened.

"Look at you, you're feeling so tired that you can hardly move." Ragyō said as she wrapped her arm around Ryūko's back, which made Ryūko feel cold again.

"Kuroido, help my precious Ryūko to her room." Ragyō said as she walked Ryūko, who now seemed dazed, to Kuroido.

"As you wish Lady Ragyō." Kuroido said as he placed his hand on Ryūko's back.

After receiving his orders, Kuroido guided Ryūko back towards the staircase that brought her to this room. Though Ragyō's face showed that she was happy about something, the extent of how much was known only to herself. Seeing that the rest of her maids were still awaiting orders: Ragyō waved her hand toward the door, signaling that she doesn't need them right now. They all bowed once more before leaving her presence. Once the last maid left the room, Ragyō heard her phone go off. It was a call she was expecting from Rei and, as usual, it was right on time.

"Impeccable timing as always Hōōmaru." Ragyō said.

"How did your test go Lady Ragyō?" Rei asked.

"It went far better than expected." Ragyō stated.

"So she was affected by the tranquilizing coagulant?" Rei asked, making mental notes of how Ryūko performed in Ragyō's test.

"The life fibers in her body were strong enough that I had to apply it to her face twice." Ragyō was proud to say.

"Did she suspect anything when you applied it?" Rei asked.

"Not in the slightest." Ragyō said, completely sure of herself.

"Than it was an ingenious idea to coat your entire body with it." Rei said, applauding Ragyō for being so cunning.

"Yes. While I am unaffected by it, the coagulant did work wonders on Ryūko's life fibers." Ragyō said, relishing in the proof that in addition to Ryūko being her daughter; Ryūko is also a life fiber-human hybrid.

"So are we to proceed as planned?" Rei asked.

"Yes, but make sure to keep tabs on Ryūko at all times. We don't want her potential to go to waste." Ragyō said before hanging up her phone.

"La vie est drôle." Ragyō said to herself.

Author's Notes

As you can see, thanks to all your support, I've decided to continue this. Ironically enough, I've developed writers block for the story I was originally writing when I got the idea for this. I've given it thought and I've decided to leave the name as it is and I appreciate everyone who tried to help me find a replacement name.

Shadow of the Day

"What the hell?" Ryūko asked herself as she lied in her bed, trying hard to stay awake and figure out why she seemed off.

But there were no traces of any evidence, she could've just been more tired than she realized. However she knew that wasn't it, when Ryūko's mind is set on something: she'll never rest until she does it. Yet here she is now, barely able to keep her eyes open in bed. But, perhaps that's evidence enough. Ryūko has every intention of finding out what happened to her back there, along with her fathers killer, however that will need to wait until morning.

Unbeknownst to Ryūko someone was watching her, awaiting with orders for when she fell asleep. Now that she's allowed herself to fall into a state of slumber: an unnamed maid quietly closes the door.

"She's asleep now, do what you must." the maid whispered as she opened the door for her accomplice.

Once the confederate stepped inside, the maid waited for the associate to complete their task so that she might close the door for the final time tonight.

Ryūko is encased in darkness, there's nothing to feel or see. All she can hear is an eerie distorted sounding static tone. It was the only thing there, this noise. This sound had no true source, no point of origin, but it did feel as if it had a presence. One that truly was malicious in nature, as well as hungry. And it only seemed to draw near with each passing moment. This caused Ryūko to grow increasingly worried, and her skin to feel warm, as it came closer. Without any warning, Ryūko's body felt as if it was pierced by several needles. She couldn't scream in pain, nor could she seem to move her body. The noise continued to grow stronger as well as louder, which let Ryūko know just how little the distance between her and whatever was. Next Ryūko felt her screaming body, especially

her chest, become incredibly constricted. Ryūko could feel her heart beat skyrocketing, she began to wonder what would kill her first: the pain she was feeling, the lack of oxygen in her slowly being crushed lungs, her heart flatlining, or whatever's making that sound.

Thankfully for Ryūko the answer was "none of the above" because she woke up in her bed, covered in a cold sweat. Ryūko gripped her chest, still feeling shaken up by that experience. Slowly Ryūko caught her breath and, after several minutes, felt her heartbeat return to a stable pace. Ryūko remained quiet, she wasn't sure about going back to sleep. But eventually her body decided for her, as she eventually dozed off again. This time thankfully she had no dreams, good or bad.

When Ryūko opened her eyes she was greeted by the light and warmth of the sun on her face, along with her mother standing along her bedside. As Ryūko made eye contact with Ragyō, her mother spoke.

"Good morning Ryūko, how are you feeling?" Ragyō asked in her usual eerie tone.

Ryūko didn't want to say anything, she's still felt... uneasy about last night. However Ryūko knew that if she wanted to have a better relationship than what she had with her dad, she'd probably have to tell Ragyō about her dream. Or nightmare.

"I'm fine mom..." Ryūko said, feeling a tad strange to have uttered that last word. It also showed in her false smile.

"Now Ryūko." Ragyō said as, much like last night, she placed her hand on Ryūko's cheek.

Unlike last night however Ryūko wasn't feeling the effects of the coagulant, causing Ryūko to wonder if she truly was simply nervous about meeting her for the first time. Even if she was still feeling an almost somber aura radiating from Ragyō.

"I know we haven't gotten to know each other yet, but I've been a mother before. And a mother can tell when there's something wrong with her daughter." Ragyō said in a tone that sounded like a mix of both sympathy and authority. Fitting since she was secretly trying to learn the results of the experiment she had done on Ryūko while she was asleep.

"You don't need to tell me, we did just meet last night, but just remember: I'll be here for you. Even if you don't think of me as your mother." Ragyō said as she began to walk away.

Ryūko now felt guilty, she knew she could at least try harder to talk to Ragyō. But living with her father, if you can call it that seeing as how she really did just live at boarding school, made Ryūko feel alienated. She wasn't sure how she should act, especially with this feeling Ragyō gave her. Ragyō made it to the door when Ryūko finally decided to act.

"Wait." Ryūko said to her mother.

Ryūko couldn't have seen it but Ragyō had a malevolent grin on her face. Thus far, she's been able to manipulate and anticipate Ryūko without her suspecting a thing.

Satsuki watched from the helicopter window as her kingdom, Honouji Academy soon came into sight. She sat quietly as her faithful butler, Soroi walked over to her with a pot of her favorite tea.

"Your' tea Lady Satsuki." Soroi said as he handed Satsuki a teacup.

"Thank you." Satsuki said before lifting her cup to her lips.

Soroi patiently waited, silent as usual, for Satsuki to feel more relaxed. Knowing that her mother wouldn't have had Satsuki come to her office without a reason. Having looked after her for so long, Soroi could tell when Satsuki was dealing with some inner turmoil. Even if her body gave off a more at ease impression, but he'd never be so rude as to demand she tell him anything that she doesn't want to. It's

because Satsuki knew this that she trusted Soroi enough to tell him whatever piece of information would satisfy his curiosity, much like she's about to do now.

"My baby sister's alive. And she already has her." Satsuki said after taking another sip of her tea.

Hearing this surprised Soroi. So much so that his face nearly changed to a different expression. But even if his face didn't show it, this worried Soroi even more. One of the reasons Satsuki was plotting to kill her mother, Ragyō, was to avenge both her deceased father and her baby sister. But now that she's suddenly just reappeared, this could complicate things for Satsuki. Soroi knows that Satsuki would want to do everything in her power to protect her little sister. But what if her sister sides with Ragyō and the Life Fibers, would she be willing to fight... or even kill her? Because he's looked after her for so many years and watched her grow, Soroi already knew that these questions had to have crossed Satsuki's mind the moment she learned that her sister was indeed alive -as well as within her mother's possession.

"Aside from the Raid Trip being delayed, everything will proceed as planned." Satsuki told Soroi, already knowing precisely what he's pondering.

After Satsuki finished speaking, both she and Soroi heard the whirling of the propeller begin to die off. Letting them both know that they've truly arrived at Honouji Academy. Upon the door sliding open, Satsuki was greeted by her elite four as she stepped out of her helicopter.

"Welcome back, Lady Satsuki." The Elite Four said together with their heads bowed. The Elite Four consisted of Satsuki's most trusted followers: Ira Gamagōri -the chair of the Disciplinary Committee, Uzu Sanageyama -the chair of the Athletics Committee, Nonon Jakuzure -the chair of the Non-Athletics committee, and Hōka Inumuta -the chair of the Information and Strategy Committee. Each

member of the Elite Four wore their 3-Star Goku uniforms, as they are meant to at all times during any/all school related affairs.

"Inumuta gather as much information from this as you can and report your findings to me." Satsuki said as she handed the glasses bearing member a plastic coated ellipse.

With other important matters to attend to, Satsuki and three of her Elite Four walked towards their base of operations.

"Right away m'lady." Inumuta said, disk in hand, as he slowly began to become a speck in the distance.

"I see. It's no wonder you were shaking when I walked in." Ragyō said, pretending to understand Ryūko.

"I don't know what it was, but it felt real bad and it felt real." Ryūko confined to her mother.

Ryūko became quiet for a moment, she was remembering the pain she felt: like a thousand needles poking into her at once. The more she thought of the pain, the worse she felt. She immediately regretted telling Ragyō about her dream. If she hadn't said anything she could've just brushed it off and forgotten about it. But now she was forcing herself to remember. Ryūko wished that there was something, anything, that could get her out of this conversation.

"Do you want me to check your body for any cuts?" Ragyō, actually showing some interest, asked.

Ryūko now felt unbearably uncomfortable and needed to get out.

"N-no. Really I'm fine." Ryūko nervously, as well as awkwardly, said as she scoot further back in her bed.

"Well I'm happy to hear that, I took the day off so I could spend it with you." Ragyō said with the same smirk Ryūko saw her with last night.

Hearing that, those words, made Ryūko feel... good. Her father never had time for her and sent her off to several boarding schools that were just cesspools of anger and misery for her. But Ragyō... her mother, and one who's leading an entire conglomerate, literally dropped everything so she could spend the day with her. Her mother's words made Ryūko feel happy and excited, but they also made her feel depressed and frustrated.

'Why did you take me away from her?' Ryūko mentally asked herself, feeling her anger and sorrow slowly start to cloud her mind.

'Where were you when I was alone?' Ryūko thought to herself, feeling pressure starting to build behind her eyes.

Ragyō watched, or rather analyzed, the way Ryūko was behaving. Unlike when she raised Satsuki and Nui to serve the Life Fibers, Ragyō had over a decade of living amongst the pigs in human clothing to undo before she could truly begin to mold Ryūko into a proper Kiryūin. And at the rate that her plan was progressing she'd only have a few years at best to do it. However Ragyō knew that she could 'fix' Ryūko in less than six months without resorting to using her mind stitching.

'Although a little mind stitching would fix her in an instant.' Ragyō thought to herself.

But Ragyō would rather have Ryūko able to think and act on her own, like Nui, instead of her having to constantly issue commands to Ryūko. None of this worried Ragyō however, nothing ever did, she knew she could 'free' Ryūko from these human weaknesses. Such as these feelings her daughter was displaying before her now. She knew that she could also had Satsuki and Nui to help her with Ryūko's reprogramming. But before she could remove these pathetic feelings, she first needed to figure out what methods she will need to use on Ryūko.

"Why don't you get dressed, then we can get started." Ragyō said after brushing Ryūko's bangs away from her eyes.

Once again Ragyō's touch was devoid of warmth. But this time it didn't feel petrifying like last night, or the same as when she woke up. It didn't matter however because it was enough for Ryūko to realize that some tears had escaped from her eyes. Ryūko never wanted anyone to see her cry, but for once she thought it was alright for her to. Maybe she actually cares about her, maybe not. What mattered to Ryūko right now was that she felt like Ragyō wouldn't mind if she cried for at least this one time.

"Alright mom." Ryūko said, smiling as she regained control of her tear ducts. She had no trouble calling her that this time.

'Hopefully this won't be too easy.' Ragyō thought to herself as she began to walk towards Ryūko's door. Once she closed the door, Ragyō was greeted by a blonde girl mostly wearing pink.

"So can I meet her now Lady Ragyō?" the blonde asked in a perky voice.

"You sure seemed to have taken an interest in her, haven't you dear Nui." Ragyō asked as she pet the grand couturier.

"How can I not after seeing her naked?!" Nui eagerly exclaimed, having to cover her mouth to avoid being heard by Ryūko.

"Her body looked and felt amazing. It even put Satsuki's to shame." Nui, with stars in her eyes, whispered as she clasped her hands together.

Ragyō now understood Nui's predicament, but she knew it was for the best that she refrain from Ryūko... for now.

"I'm sorry Nui. Not quite yet, but you can visit her at night." Ragyō bartered.

"Okay." Nui replied, acting like a sad five year old, with her head slumped down.

'I'll see you tonight Ryūko...' Nui eagerly thought as she skipped away. Imagining being able to touch that girls divine body again.

Author's Notes

Wow... This. Was. A long one to write.

I'm still working on the story this one over shadowed, I also wrote a one-shot about Nui keeping Ryūko in her playroom. You should check that out.

In My Remains

Author's Notes

Time for another perspective, in this chapter it'll be Nui. Why her? Because this is a Kill la Kill story that has had far too little action thus far (although there honestly is very little here) and besides, who doesn't want a chapter where Nui creeps on Ryūko?

After carefully examining Lady Ragyō's guest, Nui found herself unable to think of anything aside from the girl. Maybe it was because of the special bond the two shared: Ryūko always seemed to be down in the dumps and angry all the time, while Nui was always happy and smiling. Perhaps it was because they were both part human and part Life Fibers. Or could it be that Nui felt guilty, like she stole the life that was meant for Ryūko?

[The following takes place between when Ryūko fell asleep and woke up.]

"Hi." I sang to the maid, she looked like she was a itty bit sad.

"Right this way." The maid said, she didn't even say anything about my nice little hum.

"I'm so excited!" I couldn't stop myself from telling the music hater.

She was just quiet. And boring, really boring and not fun.

"Ooh what's she like, what does she look like, is she cute?" I eagerly asked.

Once again she was no fun.

"I hope she looks cute, otherwise this won't be nearly as fun. And it'll feel really weird." I explained to the maid who really needs to learn how to have a conversation.

Just before I could give her some conversation advice, she stopped walking and turned towards a door. This used to be Satsuki's old room, before she got older and started going all around Japan and stayed at her school. *I should really visit her and her school some time.*

"She's asleep now, do what you must." the maid whispered to me as she opened the door for me.

I took a few steps inside to examine the room, it's been so long since I was in here. It looked like everything was pretty much the same as the last time I was in here with Satsuki. *Ah the memories .*

I quietly tiptoed over to the girl sleeping in the bed. The first thing I noticed was that she looked a little familiar...

"She looks a little like Satsuki." I couldn't resist saying out loud.

"But better." I secretly thought.

The girl in the bed must've really been tired. After all I was practically next to her ear when I spoke, but all she did was turn over in her sleep. Maybe she was feeling sick I don't know. She did have a cute little trail of drool going down her chin. *I still wish I could've kissed her there.* Her face was like a softer, warmer, more gentle and, with the red streak in her hair, a cooler looking Satsuki.

"If Satsuki's not careful, this girl might just be the new apple of my eye." I thought to myself, not wanting to press my luck with another outburst.

I secretly hoped I'd accidentally wake her up so I could see if she had pretty eyes too.

It feels like a crime that I missed her after I killed her daddy.

I would've stayed behind if I knew someone with a face like hers was gonna show up. If Satsuki hasn't done it already, I am calling dibs on

her.

But that would have to wait because it was time for me to do what Lady Ragyō asked me to do...

First I had to carefully remove the blanket. I would have thrown it off since I doubt that would've gotten her up, but it was the blanket Satsuki and I shared so many times. I lost about five minutes because I couldn't stop looking at her, her body was just... perfect.

The first thing I wanted to do when I got done was tell Satsuki this punk goddess is mine and I won't be taking "no" for an answer.

Next I pulled out a spray bottle Lady Ragyō told me I needed to use, it's supposed to help her sleep through this.

This was when it really started getting fun.

Lady Ragyō said that it works best through direct contact with her skin. So I sprayed it on her arms and both of her legs first. After that I sprayed some all over my hands and then rubbed it all over her pretty face. *I even wiped away the drool.*

I could tell that spray worked because the sleeping cutie's breathe slowed down a lot and my hands felt really warm (and tingly). *But maybe that wasn't just because of the spray.*

With the hottie sedated, I put the spray away and pulled out four needles. I held them with the pointy ends facing out of my hand. Next I pulled out my itty bitty scalpel and was about to do the next part of the job.

I ducked my head as soon as the maid tried to punch me, just like Lady Ragyō thought: this maid is a spy. Too bad she's not a pretty one.

"Looks like I found you." I enthusiastically told her as I tossed a needle at her wrinkly skinned face.

I know I didn't throw it very hard, but I was almost impressed with her when she caught it. Not really.

She must've wanted to play catch because she tried to throw my needle back at me, but she totally missed. I don't even know where it went. But as long as my Ryūko's safe and asleep, I don't care.

She had to of been really really scared since after that needle she made a break for the door. Tag's usually fun, so I let her get a four second head start before I started chasing her. It wouldn't be fun if I caught her too soon. Besides there was a chance we'd wake Ryūko if we played for real and a bunch of Lady Ragyō's boring scientists were gonna come in soon. *Like I'd really wanna be around for that.*

After I counted to four I leaned over her head and gave the hot sleeping goth a parting kiss on the forehead before leaving her for the rest of the night. *That was stupid since she was sedated and her lips looked so soft, but I wanted our first kiss to be while she's awake.*

The fake maid was seriously slow, she didn't even make it to the end of the hallway when I closed the door. I probably could've waited four minutes and still caught her, but oh well.

I threw two more of my needles at her, one at both her legs and she went down. If it wasn't for seeing a cutie naked, I probably would've been sad that she turned out to be a total letdown. Luckily good things come to those who wait...

When I was in arms reach, I saw her reach inside her sleeve and try pulling something out. I couldn't have that though, so I started poking my needle in her back again and again. After all acupuncture is supposed to be good for old people and their bad backs.

I can tell I was doing a great job because the old lady kept moaning. Good thing I kept my needle.

After a few minutes she got quiet, so I jabbed her one more time and checked her sleeve. She had a walky-talky. *Along with bloodstains and tiny holes scattered all over her back.*

I could tell she was still alive by the way her chest was faintly moving, and the fact that I avoided her vitals. I know Lady Ragyō wanted her alive for questioning, but first I needed to use her for something that I thought would be really fun. And all I needed was her...

Back to a narrative perspective

Ryūko was standing in her new room with her back against the door, still in her clothes from a few days ago. This was because her clothes being sent by her *former* school were due to arrive soon and, since she didn't have anything other than the same dirty clothes she was forced to wear yesterday, all she could do was wait for a maid to bring them to her. Also because she didn't want to risk offending any maids or get lost on her way to the front door. Or the trip back.

After what felt like twenty more minutes, Ryūko felt a knock on the door she was leaning on.

'About damn time.' Ryūko thought to herself as she turned around, grabbing the doorknob as she did so.

Ryūko was met with a couple of maids, neither of which were the one she had talked to yesterday, each were carrying a suitcase in both hands. Ryūko remained quiet as she waited for them to come in. But they both remained where they were, as if they were waiting for something. *Her permission.* Ryūko realized that the maids were awaiting for her to give them permission.

"Oh sorry. Come in." Ryūko said, mentally cursing herself for potentially doing the very thing she was trying to prevent from happening to transpire, as she made way for them.

"Thank you Lady Ryūko." One maid said before they both walked through the doorway.

"Lady Ragyō told us about your plans for the day, would you like us to put these clothes away for you while you're out?" The other maid asked.

That was a good question. Ryūko actually would like that since she'd be able to start spending time with her mom faster, but letting them do that also added the risk of one of them -or possibly even another maid- finding the scissor blade that she had hidden in the guitar case under her bed. She'd rather not tell anybody she just met about that scissor. Especially what she plans to do with it.

"No it's fine, I'll take care of it when I get back." Ryūko said, trying again not to offend them.

"Very well miss." The previous maid said with a bow, along with the other.

"Don't be afraid to ask us if you reconsider, or any of the other maids for help." The second maid said as they both began to leave.

Once again Ryūko was alone, and again it was because she alienated herself. Even though she had a chance for her life to be different from the way it was before. That's just it though, why wasn't she taking this chance? And what reason did she have for this crusade she intended to go on? Whenever she stopped to think about it, she knew nothing about her father. She didn't know if he had any hobbies, she didn't know anything he liked, she didn't know what exactly all that research that he valued over her was for, she knew absolutely nothing about his past, and yet she wanted to find out why he was killed? She wasn't even sure if the man was really her father, after all he lied about her mother. So why would she "continue his fight" for him? She had no reason to do anything for him, much less try and avenge him. Only now did Ryūko realize this, she doesn't have to be a Matoi anymore! This is her chance to leave that cold, isolated, life *and name* behind her. She could become

something better, a life where she isn't alone, one where she is someone of value: a Kiryūin.

"The hell am I thinking?" Ryūko asked herself, before exiting her room. Wanting to catch up with the maids, she left the door wide open.

"Hey wait!" Ryūko called as she made her way towards the maids on the other side of the hallway.

It was this brief walk that Ryūko had a second revelation, one that she wishes she didn't have. While she was making her way to them, she saw two things that made her face reality: her surroundings and the clothes she was wearing on her back. Ryūko was wearing the same thing she has most of her life: a simple white shirt and a black jacket -which was also looking a little singed and damaged from the explosion- inside a mansion filled with things that were likely worth an entire year's tuition at her old school. She was out of place. Even if she were to try to, she'd never really fit in here. She was a delinquent, a lower class commoner. She'd never forget that, she had fought too much for that to just leave her mind. It was a part of who she was, for better or for worse.

"Go ahead. Just don't worry about unpacking anything else." Ryūko tried to say enthusiastically, secretly dreading her decision to leave her room -seeing as how she hadn't even changed her clothes yet.

"I'm such an idiot. Thinking I can just leave that crap behind..." Ryūko spouted, along with more nonsense, in her head as she made her way back to her room.

Thankfully for Ryūko, in her haste she left the door open. This made identifying her room, or more accurately finding it, much easier for the girl with a red streak in her hair. Ryūko planned to take a shower, put on some clothes that wouldn't make her look she was an underprivileged case whenever she stood next to Ragyō, and try to get to know her aforementioned mother. But seeing a maid walking out of her room confused her a little, she paid her little mind

however. If she did, Ryūko might've noticed that the woman exiting her room was doing her best to conceal a long needle from her.

Author's Notes

In case it wasn't obvious, Ragyō intends to keep Ryūko from finding out about the special experiments involving Nui and our protagonist. This chapter was originally written months ago, but the way it was heading kept leading to writers block over and over again. So I changed what I intended to do at first to this instead. While I don't personally like this more, it will be better for the story overall since I didn't have to waste time on things (such as naming what was just fodder nudists for Nui to reap) and can focus more on the plot and other important stuff.

Faint

"Did you collect the needle?" Ragyō calmly asked, knowing that this question was redundant.

"Yes Lady Ragyō." The maid standing, or bowing to be exact, before her said as she presented the item in question to the silver haired hybrid.

"And Ryūko?" Ragyō asked, knowing that this question was one that needed a definite answer to determine if her plans for her lost daughter would still be going as she anticipated.

"I don't believe she noticed when I picked it up." The maid eagerly said, thinking that this would please Ragyō further.

"Marvelous. That will be all." Ragyō coolly said.

The maid, happily, bowed her head once more before exiting Ragyō's room. Leaving the conglomerate all to herself and her thoughts.

'I really must ask dear Nui to be more careful. But that will have to wait until after today's outing with Ryūko...' Ragyō mentally noted, anxious to see how her found daughter will perform on her next test.

Ryūko made her way to her bathroom, looking forward to finally scrub away all the dirt and grime from the day her father died. As well as her old worn clothes.

The first thing she noticed, this being her first good look at the bathroom, was how it was illuminated by a small chandelier with a gold frame. Despite its size, it looked like something most hotels would wish they had in their lobbies. Next Ryūko's eyes were drawn to the floor. The entire floor appeared to be made of a singular cut marble slab, opal-white in color of course, with a wave like pattern stretching across it. The mirror was a typical size but had an

expensive looking frame, which had a white-porcelain sink hung below it and had what looked to be jade vines embezzled into its sides. Thankfully for Ryūko, who was once again starting to feel out of place, the toilet looked to be normal. It wasn't made of gold, silver, diamonds, or anything else that seemed ludicrously pricey. This normalcy didn't end there however as she spotted a modest (or average depending on who you're talking to) looking bathtub over on the right, before noticing a shower on the opposite side. It didn't look too fancy or anything, Ryūko simply wanted to get clean as quickly as possible. So she made her way over towards the shower, feeling more and more out of place with each step as she walked.

"Shall I fetch you a towel or anything for your shower Lady Ryūko?" The maid who had yet to leave asked from her bedroom, unknowingly sending the young girl from one feeling of discomfort to another.

Ryūko felt herself jumbling her words and thoughts as she tried to consider her best answer. "Ugh sure, mam..." Ryūko hastily said, having realized that she wouldn't know where to look for a towel herself.

"Very well. I'll be back with a freshly laundered towel and a change of clothes for you." The maid said with a bow before exiting the room, not that Ryūko was looking anyhow, punctuated by the sound of her closing the door.

'Guess I'll just have to get used to this...' Ryūko thought to herself before turning the shower's shoulder-level faucet, with a small cubby built into the wall just below it.

As the water began to heat up, the punk rock looking girl scanned the room. Doing so to ensure that there wouldn't be anyone around to see her soon to be exposed body. As hard as it might be for anyone to believe; this hot headed girl, who was known through out her old school as the lunatic who'd send entire street gangs to a clinic by herself, was very self conscious about her body -though most would agree that it is quite attractive. After doing a double take,

which finally put her mind at ease, Ryūko calmly undressed and stepped inside the long awaited shower.

The warm water felt invigorating against her skin, this was the first time she felt a glimpse of relaxation since her dad died. But as tranquil as it felt to her, Ryūko had to keep this brief. After all, her mother was waiting.

After getting over how nice the water was Ryūko took a bar of soap from the small cubby, also noticing that it housed some shampoo as well as conditioner. The bar had a distinct, aloe, smell to it. But (unlike the other pricy choices) this made no real difference to her, a bar of soap was still just a bar of soap after all. After ten minutes or so her body was now void of all the previous days of filth and she was prepared to use the shampoo she spotted in the cubby. However there was a knock on the door before she could identify the shampoos scent.

"Lady Ryūko, I've brought your' laundry." a voice, sounding like the maid from earlier, said from behind the door. It was just loud enough for Ryūko to hear.

Ryūko, not liking the possibility of her dripping wet body being seen, let out an inaudible 'uh' before quickly brainstorming an idea.

"You think you can just set them on the bed?" The self conscious teenager asked, while successfully keeping her nervousness out of her tone. Save for the jumble that escaped her before she spoke.

"Yes. Of course." Ryūko heard the maid say, followed by the echoing of the door being opened and soon after closed.

Though they were faint, Ryūko could hear the older woman's foot steps. Odd considering the distance between the bed and the shower.

"Lady Ragyō is waiting for you downstairs, whenever you're ready." Ryūko managed to hear.

"Thanks. Can you tell her I'll be right down?" Ryūko asked, at a slightly quickened pace in hope that she could be alone again.

"As you wish." The maid said before Ryūko heard the footsteps once again.

Ryūko waited, uneasily, for the sound of the door opening and closing once more before she continued with her shower. Mentally criticizing herself for making her Mom wait even longer, just because she felt shy when it came to her body. After regaining her peace, Ryūko sampled the shampoos' lavender fragrance and, after lathering it in her hands, began running it through her hair. By this point, while her eyes were closed, Ryūko's entire body felt a sensation similar to that of pins-and-needles. Only it felt good rather than sore and numb. Maybe a bar of soap isn't just a bar of soap after all...

After thoroughly rinsing the shampoo from her hair, Ryūko repeated the process with the also lavender scented conditioner. With that taken care of, the last Matoi turned off the water and, after her body settled down, exited the shower.

After stepping outside the shower, Ryūko noticed that the clothes she left on the floor earlier were nowhere to be found. Undoubtedly the maids doing. Not seeing anything wrong with a maid picking up some dirty clothes, the lost Kiryuin made her way to the bed that held her towel and a change of clothes. Oddly enough she found the clothes, consisting of a soft-pinkish white blouse and a pair of navy colored skinny jeans, lying atop the plain white towel. Both of which were unfolded while the towel beneath them was.

'Not really my style.' Ryūko thought to herself as she took the towel out from the bottom of the pile, though she did think that they looked nice.

After drying herself, Ryūko started looking through her suitcase for something else to wear. But every time she considered a potential outfit, she kept finding her eyes wander towards the unfolded one

that was resting on her bed. The more she eyed the clothes, the more her body wanted -neigh craved- feeling the sensation of the wardrobe against her skin. Unable to ignore this feeling any longer; she took a breath, walked back to the clothes resting place and hastily started donning it.

Ragyō patiently sat on a leather couch off to the side in the main foyer. It granted her a clear view of the staircase and her *precious* daughter as she started to descend them, being escorted by one of the many maids. The sight of Ryūko wearing the outfit she could tell Nui made, and fitted specifically for her, brought a pleased smile to Ragyō's face. Knowing Nui, she figured those clothes were probably just shy of being ten percent life fibers. Likely to prevent a star from forming. Ragyō couldn't help but think of Nui's intentions for this, it was so apparent she wanted to ensure Ryūko's body would remain scar free; despite them both knowing any wounds Ryūko gets would just heal without a trace.

' For Nui to be this restless, Ryūko's body must truly be a thing of beauty. One that I'll need to purify in the springs.' Ragyō thought to herself, while admiring the way Nui's clothes took to her daughters shape.

Author's Notes

I'm not dead and this hasn't been discontinued (or at least not yet). Without going into details, I finished college, started working, got injured, got back to work, and don't have a lot of time to write. About half of this was written before any of that and the other half have been slowly added in during all the time after that.

I'll let you know when I'm decommissioned and choose someone to pick it up from there. I also deleted that first draft since looking back, it was an embarrassment for me.